

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

SUBSCRIPTION:—Stamped for Postage, 20s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 38.—No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.



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HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
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ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE SIXTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 26th, 1860.

THE INSTRUMENTAL PIECES BY
BEETHOVEN.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

GRAND SEPTET, in E flat major, Op. 20 Beethoven.
For Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello,
and Contra Bass.
Herr Becker, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. C. Harper,
Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Severn, and Signor Piatti.
(By unanimous desire.)

SONG.
SONG.
SONATA, in E major, Op. 100, for Pianoforte Solo Beethoven.
(First time.)
Miss Arabella Goddard.

PART II.

TRIO, in E flat, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello Beethoven.
(First time.)
Herr Becker, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.

SONG.
SONG.
GRAND SONATA, in A (Op. 47) for Pianoforte and
Violin, dedicated to Kreuzer Beethoven.
Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Becker.

CONDUCTOR—Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Mr.
Austin, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addis-
on, and Co., Scott and Co., Ever and Co., Simpson, Carter, and Oetzmann and Co.,
Regent-street; Brooks, 24, Old Cavendish-street; Bradberry's London Crystal
Palace, Oxford-street; Duff and Co., 65, Oxford-street; Prowse, Hanway-street;
Wylde, Great Hall, Hungerford Market; Chidley, 195, High Holborn; Purday,
50, St. Paul's Church-yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Turner,
19, Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6, Finsbury-place, south; Humphreys, 4, Old Church,
street, Paddington-green; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Olivier, Campbell, and Willis,
Bond-street; and Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On Wednesday evening, March 28,
the Vocal Association (President, the Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley). Con-
ductors—Mr. Benedict and Mr. C. E. Horsley. Artists—Madame Sauton-Dolby,
Miss Fanny Rowland; pianoforte, Miss Eleanor Ward; violin, Mons. Sauton.
Madrigals and part songs by the choir, under the direction of M. Benedict.
Tickets, 1s., 3s., and 5s., at the Hall.

MISS LAURA BAXTER has the honour to announce
that her Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will take place, at St.
James's Hall, on the 15th of May. Under the immediate patronage of The
Marquis of Lansdowne, The Right Honorable The Earl Mount Edgumbe, The
Countess Mount Edgumbe, The Lady Brownlow, Viscount Valentia, M.P., The
Lady Katherine Valentia, &c. Communications respecting the Concert, Lessons,
&c., to be addressed to Miss Laura Baxter's residence, 155, Albany-street,
Regent's Park, N.W.

MR. AGUILAR'S SECOND SOIREE will take place
at 17, Westbourne-square, W., on Saturday, March 24, at Half past Eight,
when he will be assisted by Miss Lindo and Mr. Henry Holmes.—Programme.
Sonata in G (Op. 29, No. 1). Beethoven; Songs, Rossini and Beethoven; Variations
in A. Mozart; Solos, Violin, Tartini and Corelli; Volkstied and caprice in E
(Op. 83, No. 2). Mendelssohn; Song, Schubert; Grand Sonata in A minor, Piano
and Violin, Beethoven; Rondo brilliant, Weber. Ticket, 5s.; Triple admission,
10s. 6d.; at the principal music warehouses.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO'S FAREWELL.—
MADAME CLARA NOVELLO respectfully acquaints her friends and the
public that she will revisit England in the autumn to sing at a few Oratorios and
Concerts in London and the provinces, being her last appearances in public.
Communications from Musical Societies to be addressed to Cramer and Co., 201,
Regent-street.

MASTER HORTON CLARIDGE ALLISON (Pupil of M. W. H. Holmes), begs to announce that at the first of his Pianoforte Performances, which will take place at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Tuesday, March 27th, to commence at three o'clock precisely, he will have the honor of playing a selection from the works of the following composers:—S. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Herz. Master H. C. Allison will be assisted by the following eminent artists. Vocalists: Miss Ransford, Miss Fanny Rowland; Mr. Allan Irving. Instrumentalists: Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. R. Blagrove, Mr. Aylward. Accompanist, Mr. Hammond. Tickets, for the series, One Guinea; for a single performance, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Master H. C. Allison, 143, Marylebone-road, N.W. All seats reserved. The pianoforte used at the above performances will be by Messrs. Broadwood and Sons.

MR. MELCHOR WINTER, Tenor. All communications respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Italian or English opera, to be addressed to his private residence, 17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN'S EVENING CONCERT, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday, March 29th, at Half-past Eight. Vocalists:—Madame Catherine Hayes, Madlle. Parpa, Miss Stabach, Miss Eliza Hughes, and Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Mr. Salaman; Violin, Herr Molique and Mr. H. G. Blagrove; Viola, Mr. R. Blagrove; Violoncello, Herr Lidel. Accompanist, Mr. Frank Mori. Programmes will be shortly published. Tickets, 7s. each; family ticket, for four persons, One Guinea; of Mr. Salaman, 36, Baker-street, and of the principal music-shops.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Gye has the honour to announce that the season will commence on Tuesday, April 10th. The Programme, with full particulars of the arrangements, will be issued in a few days. Royal Italian Opera, March 14, 1860.

MISS STABBACH will sing Charles Salaman's New Ballad, "Good bye! a long good bye," at the composer's concert, on the 29th March.—Published by Addison, Hoeller, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street. Price 2s. 6d.

MISS MARGARET McALPINE (Contralto), requests that letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Pupils, be addressed to her residence, 63, Burton-crescent, New-road.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

MIDDLE. MARIE WIECK, Pianist.—Letters respecting engagements for concerts and lessons to be addressed, 14, Leinster-square, Hyde-park, W.

MISS EMILY GRESHAM, Soprano.—Letters respecting engagements for oratorios and concerts, to be addressed, 20, Alfred-terrace, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.

W. T. BRIGGS (Bass).—Communications relative to engagements for oratorios or concerts, to be addressed, "Cathedral Choir, Worcester."

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK is in town for the season.—Letters respecting lessons or engagements for the pianoforte or harmonium to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

MR. TENNANT has returned to town. All communications respecting engagements for himself and Mrs. Tennant to be addressed to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or to their residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MRS. TENNANT (Sister of Mr. Sims Reeves), begs to acquaint her friends and the public that she continues giving lessons in singing. For terms, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or at her own residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MADEMOISELLE ANTONIA SPEYER begs to announce her return to town for the season. All letters to be directed to 7, Belgrave-street South, S.W.

THE LONDON CONCERT SEASON.—Mr. C. M. SHEE respectfully informs Musical Professors that he continues to undertake the arrangement of Concerts, Soirees, Matinees, as well as Programmes and Books of Words, at very moderate charges. Address, 105, Wardour-street, Oxford-street.

CONSERVATORIO AT COLOGNE.—Under the direction of Capellmeister FERDINAND HILLER.—Beginning of the next term, the 2nd April. For particulars or any information, apply to the Secretary of the Conservatorio, 35, Marzellenstrasse, Cologne.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.

F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.
Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, are sung nightly at the CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and E. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

ST. MARK'S, MYDDLETON-SQUARE.—An Organist is required for the above church. Candidates (capable of conducting a choir) are requested to forward testimonials, etc., to Mr. H. Johnson, Churchwarden, 36, Amwell-street, E.C., on or before Wednesday, the 21st inst. Salary, £40 per annum.

ORGAN WANTED.—The Guardians of Mile End Old Town are desirous of obtaining for the Workhouse a Finger Organ. The size of the Chapel is 70 feet long, 34 feet broad, and about 30 feet hi. h. Descriptive particulars and terms for 3 months' hire, including fixing and removal, with price, if then purchased, to be forwarded to Mr. E. J. Southwell, Clerk to the Board, Bancroft-road, Stepney, N.E.

MICHAEL COSTA, the Eminent Composer, beautifully engraved on Steel, from a Photograph by Mayall, is the Portrait to be issued with the ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WORLD, No. 111, March 17, or any other of the 100 Portraits already published, may be had in lieu of the above if preferred. Price 6d., by Post, 7d. THE THIRD SERIES of the DRAWING ROOM PORTRAIT GALLERY (for 1860) containing Forty Portraits and Memoirs, (issued to subscribers only), with the paper for Forty weeks, from date of subscription, for 50s., post free. FIRST and SECOND SERIES for 21s. each, (without papers). Quarterly subscription, 7s. 11d., post free. Of all News-vendors. Office, 199, Strand, W.C.

WANTED, A GOOD TUNER.—For particulars, address, M. N., care of Messrs. Boosey and Son.

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TO VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.—Boosey and Sons' military band instruments, reed and brass, as well as bugles, drums and fifes, have been used and approved of by almost every regiment in the service, at home and abroad. Those regiments that contemplate the formation of a band, are invited to apply to the firm, who will be happy to recommend them competent bandmasters, and render any further assistance that may be required.—Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

NEW SONGS. By the Composer of "Speak gently," "Casablanca," &c., &c. "Minnie, I would dwell with thee!" dedicated by permission to Mr. Sims Reeves, 2s.; "Were I a little bird like thee!" illustrated title-page, 2s. Post-free for half-price in postage stamps, of the composer, Brook-house, Hackney, and all music-sellers.

Shortly will be Published,

TWO EVENING SERVICES IN A MAJOR: Cantate Deus, Magnificate, and Nunc Dimittis, with Organ Accompaniment. Composed by E. Bunnett, Mus. Bac., Cantab., Assistant Organist of Norwich Cathedral. Price (to Subscribers) 8s. Subscriber's names will be received by the Author, Upper Close, Norwich, and by the Publishers, Messrs. Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, London, W.

Second Edition, Folio, pp. 40, stitched. Price, complete, 7s. 6d.

R. R. ROSS'S Useful Morning and Evening Full Service in F, for four voices, with organ accompaniment. Separately, Te Deum and Jubilate, 3s.; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, 2s. London: J. A. Novello.

REVIEWS.

"A set of Four-part Songs, for voices"—composed by Henry Smart (Cramer, Beale and Chappell). One of these—"Cradle-song" (No. 3)—has been heard at the concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, where it was unanimously extolled as one of the most attractive things of its kind—as one, in short, of its accomplished composer's very best, and therefore worthy any amount of praise. The voices, as managed here by Mr. Smart, are a match for the orchestra itself, as a vehicle for what is somewhat affectingly denominated "colour-music." Never did sweeter "Lullaby" soothe baby to repose. The other three are as good in their way; "What are the Joys of Spring?" (No. 4) charms by its freshness as it enlivens by its vigour; "Morning" (No. 1) has a genial touch of Mendelssohn in its melody and harmony, without, however, being in the slightest degree a plagiarism; while "Hymn to Cynthia" is of a more elaborate but by no means less agreeable texture. All four songs are models of vocal writing, and welcome additions to the repertory of English part-music.

"L'Avviso," *canzone per mezzo soprano*—Giulio Regondi (Wessel and Co.)—is the composition of a thorough musician, graceful, melodious, and expressive.

"Voice of the summer wind, tender and low"—written by T. Douglas, composed by G. A. Macfarren, (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)—This really charming ballad may be apostrophised in precisely similar terms, with the additional acknowledgment that it possesses, what the other can hardly lay claim to with equal justice, viz.—character.

"Never, my child, forget to pray," *sacred song*—by Frederick Scotson Clark, (Angener and Co.)—would extort unqualified praise, as a composition marked alike by taste and correctness, but that, at the end of each verse, occurs a section of a phrase, neither more nor less than a plagiarism from Sterndale Bennett's second *Impromptu* (in the same key too—E major).

In "*Rita, mazurka for the pianoforte*"—by W. Seymour Smith, (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas)—we have neat writing, the true *mazurka* accent, everything, in short, but originality, in which particular it is wholly deficient. Every phrase, or section of a phrase, seems as familiar as "God save the Queen,"—or even "King," which is still older.

For "*mazurka*" read "*nocturne*," and for the attributes of "*mazurka*" substitute the attributes of "*nocturne*," and precisely identical criticism will suit "*Liebe wohl, reverie for the pianoforte*" (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas), by the same composer. Mr. W. Seymour Smith certainly composes well, and fluently; but his ideas are by no means new.

"The Harp and the Poet," *romance*—by J. Mc Ewan (Cramer, Beale, and Co.)—is neither unmeritorious nor inexpressive; but the bare fifth in the progression of harmony to the words, "The wind before it woos" (bar 1), is unworthy of the rest, and the whole is scarcely good enough for such a beautiful little bit of poetry as that of Mr. T. Powell, versemaker for the occasion. Let our readers judge:—

The wind, before it woos the harp,
Is but the wild and tuneless air;
Yet as it passes through the chords,
Changes to music rare.
And so the poet's soul converts
The common things that round him lie
Into a gentle voice of song—
Divinest harmony.
The Harp and Poet fram'd alike
By God, as His interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thought
Of every breath that stirs.

"Ye Banks and Braes, Scotch Melody," *for the pianoforte*—by Brinley Richards (R. Mills)—is one of those moderately easy and very effective arrangements of popular airs, as short fantasias, for which its composer maintains a just renown. Though within reach of performers of modest attainments, it is not for that the less showy and brilliant.

"Hail, hail to thee! beautiful spring"—words by J. C. Prince, music by J. Dürrner (R. Mills)—like all the late Mr. Dürrner produced, is interesting, and shows the taste and knowledge of a well-tutored musician. There is also an original turn about it, the words being set in a manner not likely to have suggested itself to an ordinary composer.

"The Young Pilgrim"—written by Mrs. Veitch, composed by T. M. Mudie (R. Mills)—is another capital song, declamatory in style, after the manner in which Longfellow's "Excelsior" has been rendered more than once in music, but perfectly original notwithstanding, and highly expressive, to boot. Apart from these considerations, too, "*The Young Pilgrim*" is a composition in which the hand of an accomplished musician is everywhere apparent.

"A short and easy Morning Service," "*Te Deum*" and "*Jubilate*," with accompaniment for organ or pianoforte—by Ch. Fr. Hauptmann (Ewer and Co.)—is exactly what it is stated to be in the words on the title-page, neither more nor less. On the other hand, the worthy organist of St. Mary's, Tenby, may be especially complimented on the correctness and purity of his harmony.

"My Love wants no jewels" ("*Mein Lieb braucht nicht Perlen*")—Song, composed by Bernhard Althaus (Ewer and Co.)—is an elegant, unexceptionably-written commonplace.

If every composition of the same character was as spirited, rhythmical and unaffected as the "*Grand triumphal March*," for the pianoforte, by T. M. Mudie (R. Mills), we should hail the announcement of each successive new one with greater glee; but unhappily that is not the case, and Mr. Mudie must be ticketed with forming an honourable and vigorous exception to a general rule of dulness. His march, indeed, is all that a march should be—more than which it is needless to say in praise of it.

"Thou art gone" ("*Du bist fern*")—song, composed by Bernhard Althaus (Ewer and Co.)—is less commonplace than "*Mein Lieb braucht nicht Perlen*," by the same composer (noticed above), but hardly more original in its general physiognomy. It is well written, like its companion.

HAMBURG.—At the 125th Philharmonic Concert, Herr Joachim played two pieces—Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D major, and Tartini's "Devil's Sonata." In comparison with the mighty blade that Herr Joachim wields, in the guise of a violin bow, all the Lauterbachs and Rappoldis draw mere toy-swords out of their sheaths. Moreover, to the greatest power, Herr Joachim unites the sweetest gentleness. The applause at the conclusion of his performance seemed as if it would never cease.—*German Paper.*

BERGAMO.—Our travelling correspondent in Lombardy informs us, that Mad. Guerrabella appeared at Bergamo with immense success in Pacini's *Stella di Napoli*, and that the favour with which that opera was received was entirely due to her singing and to her admirable acting, especially in the last act. The soprano part in the *Stella* is extremely difficult, and in some passages the singer has to sustain B, C, and even D above the line. After the *cavatina*, Mad. Guerrabella was recalled several times, and she was forced to re-appear again and again in the course of the opera, at the conclusion of which she was accompanied home by a large body of enthusiastic amateurs, and serenaded.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "APOLLO AND MARSYAS."

SIR,—I enclose for publication a translation of a document which has been forwarded to me by order of His Excellency the Governor of Venice, and signed by him. So high a tribute to genius cannot but prove of great interest to every man of refinement.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
MORRIS MOORE.

[TRANSLATION.]

"We have the pleasure to communicate to you that in consequence of your having with immense success publicly exhibited in Paris,* Munich, Dresden, and Vienna, in furtherance of pious and philanthropic objects, the picture of 'Apollo and Marsyas' in your possession, and of this picture having been every where acknowledged to be not only an undoubted original by Raphael, but one of singular interest; and in consequence, moreover, of your having desired to exhibit the said picture in this Accademia di Belle Arti, side by side with the corresponding original drawing by Raphael, the Supreme Ministry of Worship and Public Instruction, in reply to the petition which you had addressed to it, and in consideration that the exhibition of your famous picture side by side with the original drawing belonging to this Academy would be of the deepest interest to all artists and lovers of art, forwarded orders to the government of this Luogotenenza, not only to grant you the public exhibition of your picture of 'Apollo and Marsyas' side by side with the corresponding drawing belonging to this Academy, in a suitable place in the same, but in every possible way zealously to assist you towards this object.

"At the same time, the Supreme Ministry of Worship and Public Instruction, in order to protect so great a treasure as an original picture by Raphael from every possible risk through inadvertent handling, enjoined the Government of this Luogotenenza to make arrangements that the usual Custom House operations be waived respecting the case containing it, especially on your quitting Venice, and that, above all, be omitted the opening of it or the placing of any seal upon it, lest its contents be endangered.

"In the orders given on this head to the Presidency of the Accademia di Belle Arti, and in the understanding entered into with the I. R. Prefecture of Finance, you will have recognized the ready zeal with which the Government of this Luogotenenza has fulfilled the high behests of the Supreme Ministry.

"In the mean time, steps will at once be taken that the name of *Montagna* be removed from Raphael's original drawing of 'Apollo and Marsyas' belonging to the Accademia di Belle Arti of Venice, and that its authenticity be established in a way to cause all doubt to cease.

"Accept the assurance of my highest consideration,
"TÖGGENBURG.

"Vienna, March 1st, 1860."

LEEDS TOWN-HALL ORGAN.

SIR,—I regret to see, by a report copied in the pages of the *Musical World* from the *Express*, that a feeling of doubt and dissatisfaction exists in Leeds regarding the new organ in your Town Hall. I had an opportunity of hearing and playing on it some weeks since, and, as an impartial observer, interested in the welfare of the art of organ-building, I beg you will allow me to express my opinion concerning this magnificent instrument.

I am acquainted with the finest organs in this country, as well as those in Paris and Germany, including those at Frankfort, Ulm, Weingarten, Haarlem, &c., and still have no hesitation in saying that yours is a master-piece of art and science combined.

The design alone displays consummate knowledge of organ-building; whilst the more artistic portions, such as the choice of registers, voicing, &c., reflect equal credit on the artists who planned the instrument, and the artificer who executed his share of the work.

It is essentially a concert-organ, adapted to the requirements of festivals, solo performances, &c.; and the general quality of tone, I consider excellent. The *ensemble* is superb. The groundwork, viz., the diapasons, are distinguished for breath and grandeur; and the voicing of the delicate wood flue-work, the free reeds, tuba and solo stops generally, I think very successful; whilst the Voix Humaine certainly rivals that at Freybourg, or rather the more celebrated one at

* The "Apollo and Marsyas" was not so exhibited at Paris. At Munich and at Vienna it was exhibited in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund; at Dresden and Vienna in aid of the Schiller Foundation Fund.

the Madeleine. Nor should I omit to specify the Mixtures (that glorious and exclusive monopoly of the organ) which are each definite in character, and designed on a new and excellent principle. The amazing amount of combination movements affords greater variety of effect than has hitherto been introduced, I believe, in any other organ. Respecting the working condition of such elaborate mechanism, my visit was too brief to form a decided opinion on it, and I never tamper with any instrument. No one can reasonably object to the weight of a touch which offers a resistance of only half-a-pound on each key; and if the delightful elasticity of the old action (well made) is wanting, when the pneumatic movement is applied, this addition was indispensable to counteract the high pressure of the wind.

The absence of a 32-foot wood open in the pedal organ is to be regretted, although the Bourdon is very good of its kind.

There can be no doubt that a most conscientious feeling has been displayed in the design and execution of the Leeds organ, and with due allowance for slight and temporary imperfections, the skill of the builder, and a just regard for his own credit, will cause these drawbacks to disappear. The external appearance is splendid, and in perfect keeping with your noble hall; and, with Mr. Best, I take the liberty of recommending some caution in placing the organ under the hands of every new comer.

I write only with the motive of upholding excellence in any organ-builder, of whatever nation; as although my experience has inclined me to a preference for the great German school of organ-building (to which we owe so much), I yet feel that candour and justice impel an acknowledgment of merit in our own countrymen, when deserved.

I am, &c.,

Northampton, Feb. 23, 1860.

CHARLES MCKORKELL.

TO OUR POETICAL CONTRIBUTORS.

WE are compelled to reiterate our declension of any further so-called poetical contributions. Judge, by the following specimen, recently forwarded to our office, of the absolute necessity to which we are reduced of closing our columns against the whole community of bards:—

LOVE-SICK SOL CURED BY A CLOUD.

On a violet bank lay sleeping
Sweet Julia, bright and fair;
Sol, blushing, down was peeping,
And kissed her shining hair;
Then swiftly hid behind a cloud,
Ashamed for what he'd done,
And trembling sat as bashful-browed
As any mortal one!

The Cloud, lamenting thus to see
Poor Sol so heavy-hearted,
Determined to arouse his glee—
Sought her for whom he smarted.

He on the bank fair Julia spies,
At once unto her steers,
And drops from out his ogling eyes
Some crocodile-like tears.

Then in a dreaming voice she spoke,
In accents known to none,
And list'ning Sol the trance near broke
By one more kiss—just one.

The Cloud, to stay their fooling, then
Quick deluged all his sheen,
And, jumping, Julia cried, "Where's Ben?
I've stryde my crin-er-leen!"

DOVER—(From a Correspondent).—The seventy-fifth season of the Catch Club being announced to close on Tuesday evening, March 8th, the Apollonian Hall was crowded, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The vocalists were Miss Louisa Jarrett, Miss Harcourt, and Mr. D. Lambert; and the programme excellent of its kind. Miss Jarrett's singing gained great applause, and in "I'll follow thee," she was encored; as also in the duets with Mr. Lambert, who justly received his share of approbation. Mr. Lambert sang "The Sultane War Song," and Bishop's, "Oh! firm as oak, and free from care," and in both was encored. Miss Harcourt, in her songs, afforded great satisfaction, and was also more than once encored. The instrumental part of the programme, consisting of overtures, galops, and valsees, was well executed, and the entertainment concluded with "God save the Queen."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LET not the Germans henceforth imagine that they are the only people who can compose chamber-music. The concerts of February 27th, and March 12th, are a convincing proof that some Italians, at least, have invented combinations of harmony no less attractive than the melody which is characteristic of the "Sunny South." A programme, rich in gems, drew together on Monday last an audience which, braving the inclemency of a miserably wet night, crowded every part of St. James's Hall, and remained, with few exceptions, to the end of one of the most delightful entertainments ever provided.

The instrumental selection comprised Boccherini's quintet in A major (Op. 20), Cherubini's grand quartet in E flat (second time), and Donizetti's quartet in D major. In the hands of Herren Becker and Ries, Mr. Doyle and Signor Piatti, with the able co-operation of M. Paque in the first piece, each of these compositions received more than justice, being indeed played to perfection. Especially noticeable was again the quartet of Cherubini, displaying a freshness, and geniality, and science alike admirable, at times reminding us of the vigorous energy of Beethoven, at others of the delicate fancy of Mendelssohn, and yet without a trace of plagiarism, the whole being thoroughly original.

Mr. Charles Hallé contributed two solos—Clementi's sonata in A major (Op. 25), and three of Scarlatti's harpsichord lessons (including the fugue in D minor). Both authors were given irreproachably, in a style uniting all requisite light and shade with the most perfect mechanism, and both pleased unanimously.

Herr Becker once more distinguished himself as a soloist, and in Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo* more than confirmed the opinion expressed of his powers recently. He has fairly taken his place in the front ranks of "virtuosi" no less than quartet players. A hearty recall followed his really wonderful performance.

Mdlle. Parepa and Mr. Sims Reeves again shared the vocal music, the lady repeating Sarti's "Ah non sai qual pena," and the grand aria from Piccini's *Didone Abbandonata*, in both of which she was much applauded. The two airs allotted to Mr. Sims Reeves offered a great contrast, the first being "Pieta Signore," from an oratorio of Stradella's; the second, "Pria che spunti," from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. More exquisite singing never was heard, and in the last-named piece the voice and taste of our great tenor were displayed to such perfection that an encore was inevitable, and he repeated the air to the delight of every one in the hall.

On Monday next the instrumental portion will be from the works of Beethoven; the grand Septet and the Kreutzer Sonata, by Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Becker, being included in the programme, to say nothing of one of the latest sonatas (Op. 109) for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts.

THEATRICALS AT CAMPDEN HOUSE.

(From our Kensington Correspondent, by *Omnibus Express*.)

AN interesting performance took place on Tuesday last, at Mr. Wolley's miniature theatre, in aid of the funds of that excellent institution the Royal Benevolent Society. The entertainment commenced with, *Our Wife, or the Rose of Amiens*, an adaptation from the French, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson; followed by Peake's farce of the *Omnibus*, and concluding with *Betsy Baker*, the work of Mr. J. M. Morton, and some French person or persons unknown. In the comedietta, the Viscount Raynham, the Captain Mackinnon, the *Sieur Wolley*, the Lord Wallscourt, and the Ladies Colthurst and Anne Sherson appeared: the Viscount Raynham and the Lady Colthurst particularly distinguishing themselves. In the *Omnibus*, the Honourable Evelyn Ashley, the Major Mackinnon, the *Sieur Maitland*, the Honourable Reginald O'Grady, the Lord Wallscourt, and the *demoiselles* Newton and Barker performed. The *Sieur Maitland* is an excellent representative of the comic Irishman, and was seen to much advantage in the part of Pat Rooney. The fun of Peake's ancient farce turns upon the inconveniences likely to result to suburban residents from the invention of omnibuses.

He, however, whom Hood, himself somewhat of a punster, called "punning Peake," always fortified his farces with a certain number of solid verbal jokes, and the great point in the *Omnibus* is the double meaning given to the word *curaçoa*, which the Irishman should pronounce "cure a sow," and thereupon inquires whether it will also "cure a mare." The joke was so much relished in its time that it not only made the success of the farce, but attracted amateurs of *jeux de mots* from all parts of England, and we are assured that hundreds of families visited the metropolis solely in order to hear Mr. Peake's pun. On Tuesday night it was by some error omitted, and we expected that cries for "the pun! the pun!" would have been raised from all parts of the house, but the audience bore their loss very composedly. We must add, in all seriousness, that the acting throughout the evening was most creditable to the amateurs, who, we believe, had never until this occasion played together.

Before the comedietta, a capital prologue, written by S. H. G. Wright, the physician to the institution, in aid of which the entertainments were given, was delivered by the author. It contains some excellent lines on the subject of amateur acting, and in reference to the charitable object of the performance of Tuesday evening, and it was much applauded.

The same amateurs re-appeared at Campden House on Thursday evening, the proceeds of the sale of tickets being again devoted to the "Royal Benevolent Society."

CONCERTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The concert given on Saturday, the 3rd instant, was principally devoted to a selection from Mendelssohn's operetta *Son and Stranger*, including the overture and the most important pieces in the work. The singers were, Mad. Weiss, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Smythson and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Manns had evidently taken pains, and the result was an excellent performance, thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The *Son and Stranger* was brought out in England in 1851 (the first time in public, although written in 1829), at the Haymarket Theatre, with Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. Weiss. It obtained a great success, although by no means satisfactorily executed, the band and chorus being indifferent, and was pronounced by universal assent a masterpiece of comic music. It seems strange indeed, that after such a success none of our lyric theatres, Italian or native, should have contemplated its production. At the Crystal Palace more than half its beauties were lost, as the music is eminently dramatic and the *libretto* spirited and amusing. The pieces which pleased most were the delicious romance of Herrmann, "When the evening bells are chiming," capably sung by Mr. Wilbye Cooper; Ursula's song at the spinning-wheel; Lisbeth's air, "How oft the young have wandered;" and, of course, the famous *buffo* song, "I'm a roamer," splendidly given by Mr. Weiss. The concerted music might in some instances have gone better. The artists seemed as though they were unwilling to ruffle their drawing-room placidities by any dramatic perturbations—all except Mr. Weiss, who proved himself, even remote from the stage, every inch a pedlar. The remaining pieces in the programme were Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus*; the splendid "War March" from Mr. Horsey's *Gideon*; the "Rataplan" duet from the *Figlia*, by Mr. and Mrs. Weiss; the ballad, "Three fishers went sailing," sung by Miss Fanny Huddart; and a new song composed by Mr. Hullah, "The doubting heart," given by Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The concert-room was tolerably full—not crowded.

On Saturday last the programme comprised, for the band, Schumann's symphony in E flat, Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, and Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," arranged for orchestra by M. Hector Berlioz—an especial favourite with Mr. Manns, and deservedly so, the beauty of the composition and the extreme brilliancy of the instrumentation considered. The symphony of Schumann in B flat was performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace—though not for the first time in this country, as the annals of the Old Philharmonic can tell. It is an eminently characteristic work—that is, characteristic of its lamented author. The second movement, which is melodious and somewhat devotional in tone, could not fail to please. Mr. Manns,

however, will no doubt afford a second opportunity of judging the symphony. Miss Arabella Goddard played Hummel's rondo in A major, and Thalberg's *Mosè in Egitto*. The latter was loudly encored, but Miss Goddard only returned to the platform and bowed. We need hardly say with what incomparable brilliancy and grace both pieces were played. Miss Parepa, the favourite of the hour, sang Mr. Wallace's new song "Hope in sorrow," the cavatina, "Oh, bright were my visions," from *Victorine*, and the aria, "Gia dalla mente involasi," from Signor Alary's *Tre Nozze*. The florid cavatina from Mr. Alfred Mellon's opera was most favourably received, and Miss Parepa, we think, shines more in expression than in *bravura* singing. She gave Mr. Wallace's ballad admirably, but was not so much applauded as in the *cavatina* and the *valse*.

To-day M. Sainton and Madame Sainton-Dolby will appear.

An engagement has been concluded with Mdlle. Piccolomini for a series of twelve concerts, commencing on Monday the 2nd and terminating on Saturday the 14th of April—the usual one shilling admission to the Palace to be retained.

LONDON QUINTET UNION.—The second concert came off on Wednesday evening, at St. Martin's Hall. Again the music of Onslow predominated; not, however, exactly to the same extent as before, only one quintet, and a part of another, being given. Mr. Willy's admiration for Onslow must indeed be great, since he has introduced in two concerts three entire quintets, and one movement from another, of that composer. The entire quintet performed at the last concert was that in B flat, Op. 33, and the one which finished the single movement was the D minor, No. 3, Op. 1. The quintet in B flat was finely executed by Messrs. Willy, Westlake, Webb, Pettit, and Reynolds, and listened to with attention. The last movement of the quintet in D minor, *Presto Finale*, was heard by few, and therefore played to disadvantage. The remaining part of the selection was unexceptionably good. The other instrumental pieces were Mozart's quintet in A major, Op. 108, for clarinet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, and Professor Bennett's chamber trio in A, Op. 26, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. These two masterpieces would have made amends for any amount of dryness, and their introduction must exonerate Mr. Willy from any design of rendering his concerts heavy. Mozart's quintet was the instrumental feature of the evening. Every movement awakened a new delight, and it was difficult to say which created the greatest sensation, the exquisitely beautiful and plaintive *andante*, or the deliciously quaint air and brilliant variations of the finale. The performance was first-rate, Mr. Maycock especially distinguishing himself on the clarinet. The pianoforte trio was hardly less admired, the slow movement, in which the *pizzicato* for the stringed instruments is employed with so much effect, eliciting, perhaps, the greatest admiration. The vocal music was assigned to Miss Banks and Madame Sainton-Dolby. The last-named lady, who has lately been winning laurels in Paris, made her first appearance since her marriage, and was received with warm and genuine tokens of admiration. She sang two of her most popular songs—"Cangio d'Aspetto," from Handel's opera of *Admetus*, and Mr. Balfe's "The green trees whispered low." Both were given to perfection, and the latter unanimously encored, Miss Banks gave Mozart's "Parto," from the *Clemenza di Tito*, and Mr. Henry Smart's song—a very charming one, by the way—"Love me, or love me not," and won the suffrages of the whole room, singing sweetly, expressively, and without ostentation. Mr. Lindsay Sloper accompanied the vocal music, and played the pianoforte part in Professor Bennett's trio, which we should already have signalled as a very fine performance on the part of the accomplished pianist and his coadjutors, Messrs. Willy and Pettit. The attendance was but indifferent, the body of the hall being no more than half, and the galleries about two-thirds full.

HERR WILHELM GANZ'S SOIREE.—In our notice of this young artist's *Soirée Musicale*, we should have stated that it took place at his residence, 15, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, and not Qu'en-street.

THEATRE-ITALIEN, PARIS.—Mad. Borghi-Mamo has created a great sensation in the character of Desdemona, in Rossini's *Otello*.

MR. AGUILAR'S FIRST PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC took place on Saturday evening, the 10th instant, at his residence, Westbourne-square. The following excellent programme was given:—

Sonata, in C, for pianoforte (Op. 2, No. 3), Beethoven.—Recitative and Aria, "Lascia ch' io pianga" (*Rinaldo*), Handel.—Prelude and Fugue, G minor, ditto in G major, J. S. Bach.—Caprice in B flat minor, for pianoforte (Op. 33, No. 3), Mendelssohn.—Recitative and Aria, "Deh vieni non tardar" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Mozart.—Sonata Quasi Fantasia, in E flat, for pianoforte (Op. 27, No. 1), Beethoven.—"Invitation a la Valse," for pianoforte, Weber.

The task Mr. Aguilar set himself was an arduous one for a single evening's performance; but his powers showed no abatement at the last, and Weber's sparkling "Invitation to the Waltz," the last piece in the programme, was played with as much facility and vigour as anything which preceded it. The performance, however, which appeared to afford most unqualified satisfaction was the sonata in E flat of Beethoven, in which Mr. Aguilar displayed his thorough feeling for classic music no less than his mechanical dexterity. Mendelssohn's *caprice*, too, was a capital performance and pleased unanimously. The two vocal pieces were assigned to Miss Lindo, who exhibited considerable talent in both, and evidenced genuine taste and feeling in the air from *Figaro*, "Dove sono," one of the very loveliest Mozart ever wrote. There was a full attendance, and the concert was of that reasonable length that, combined with its sterling character, must have satisfied everybody.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—On Thursday evening last, the second trial of musical compositions in connection with this society took place, at the Architectural Gallery, Conduit-street. The members of the "Arion," under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, gave the following programme:—Pater Noster, Meyerbeer; Contralto Hymn, Mendelssohn; "The Dream," Costa; Misericordias (double choir) Reichardt; "To love I wake" (double choir), Webbe; New Part-Songs (second time), Mendelssohn.

OXFORD—(From a Correspondent).—The current series of Lectures and Concerts was brought to a termination on Tuesday evening with a miscellaneous entertainment of vocal music, in which Miss Emily Gresham, Mrs. R. Paget, Mr. George Tedder, and Mr. Horsley assisted, and Mr. W. Ringrode acted as accompanist. It was but a dull affair to the real lovers of music, there being no instrumental performances. Not so, however, thought the good people of Oxford, who were enchanted beyond measure with everything, and would fain have every piece over again. The singers were not of the same mind, except Mr. Horsley, who being a townsman and volunteer to boot, could not resist the onslaught made on him when he gave that war-excitng song, "Riflemen, form," but returned incontinently, and repeated it hilariously. There were fierce acclamations, too, when Miss Emily Gresham and Mr. George Tedder joined in the duet, "The Duke of Athol's Courtship," which the audience would fain have over again. This constrained the tenor to come forward and apologise for non-compliance on the score of indisposition, which speech was hailed with even more plaudits than the duet. Miss Emily Gresham pleased immensely in her solos, more particularly in Flotow's "Ave Maria," and Bishop's "Bid me discourse;" and Mrs. Paget was very effective in Mr. Hullah's song of "The Three Fishers," and "Kathleen Mavourneen." Although the concert seemed to please everybody, I should strongly advise the manager of the City Public Lectures and Concerts to think a little more of art next year and less of pleasing the mob.

EDINBURGH—(From a Correspondent).—The fifteenth of Howard's Saturday Evening Concerts took place in the Music Hall on Saturday evening last. In addition to his usual staff, Mr. Howard was assisted by the bands of the 13th Light Dragoons and West York Rifles, by the Edinburgh Orchestra, and Mrs. Howard, Messrs. Kennedy, Bishop, and D. Lambert (the last of whom made his *début* before an Edinburgh audience as vocalist). The first part of the concert consisted of the overture to Weber's *Oberon*, and Handel's serenata, *Acis and Galatea*, in which Mrs. Howard and Messrs. Bishop and Kennedy sustained their reputation. Mr. Lambert made a very favourable impression, and narrowly escaped an encore in "O ruddier than the cherry." Mr.

Howard judiciously introduced between the first and second parts of the programme, "The Garb of Old Gaul," composed by the late General Reid, in honour of whose memory this concert was announced to take place. In the second part Mr. Lambert sang, "Oh! firm as oak, and free from care;" and on being encored, gave the audience another specimen of his abilities. The crowded state of the hall attested the popular appreciation of Mr. Howard's services; as well as the fervid reception of his own *Flora*, &c., the Rifle Band's selection from Scotch airs. A more strict adherence in the programme to the national music of Scotland would perhaps tend materially to the gratification of the class—and a large one it is—for whom these concerts were designed, and by whom they are supported.

NORFOLK AND NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Communicated.)

PREPARATIONS and engagements for the Festival, which will commence on Monday, the 17th September, under the conduct of Mr. Benedict, are already going on with activity. We understand that the services of Madame Clara Novello, Madame Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Charles Santley, and Mr. Weiss, have been secured, and that other important engagements are pending. Upon this occasion, a lively and peculiar interest attaches itself to the name of Clara Novello, because it will probably be the last time that the public will have an opportunity of hearing that accomplished artist prior to her final retirement from the profession. Standing upon the pinnacle of fame, as an English vocalist, this gifted lady has determined to descend from it whilst she can do so with dignity and grace. She is not one of those who would ever degrade her art, or suffer herself to be degraded by it, through a painful exhibition of incompetent efforts. Of Clara Novello it will never be said,—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Amongst the propositions about to be submitted by the sub-committee to the general committee, if not already accepted by the latter (a point on which we are not quite sure), is a performance of Haydn's oratorio of *The Creation*, on the Monday evening, at a greatly reduced price, instead of having cheap preliminary concerts. This will enable many lovers of music belonging to a class whose avocations will not allow them to attend morning performances, to enjoy a great work interpreted by first-rate voices and instruments. On the Tuesday evening it has been proposed to do Gluck's *Armida*, in either the first or second part of the concert. The success of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, produced under the auspices of Mr. Charles Halle, at Manchester, was complete.

On the Wednesday morning it is proposed to do *The Last Judgment* of Spohr, in honour of that illustrious composer's memory; this will be preceded, or followed, by Handel's famous "Dettingen Te Deum." On Wednesday evening, a leading feature will be Professor Bennett's *May Queen*; and on Thursday evening, Mr. Benedict's *Undine*, composed expressly for this Festival; on Thursday morning, a selection, and Herr Molique's new oratorio of *Abraham*; and on Friday, *The Messiah*. Two symphonies have been proposed, namely, Haydn's Military Sinfonia, No. 12, and Beethoven's in C minor. It will be seen that the novelty of the Festival will be Molique's *Abraham*. Of this work we can say nothing of our own knowledge, but we have heard it highly praised by musical authorities.

MADAME DOLBY-SAINTON AND M. SAINTON IN PARIS.

(Abridged from *La France Musicale*.)

We were not wrong in predicting that the names of Madame Sainton-Dolby and M. Sainton would excite the curiosity not only of all the English of distinction who reside in Paris, but also of those Parisians who love serious and high art. The great room of the Hôtel du Louvre was scarcely large enough to contain the numerous audience attracted by these two names justly popular in England, and which are beginning to be so among ourselves. Last year, M. Sainton proved himself, at a concert given by Herz, one of the most correct and brilliant

violinists of the day. Such, too, he proved himself at the concert which he gave on Thursday last, with his wife, Mad. Sainton-Dolby. He played with incomparable *maestria* the violin part in Mendelssohn's famous trio in C minor,* and in Beethoven's sonata in A minor.† We wish all the violinists in Paris had been there to hear him. They would, like ourselves, have been charmed by his neat and modest execution—as it ought to be in pieces where the violin is not alone—expressive without exaggeration, and, in a word, perfect. It was the first time Mendelssohn's trio had been played in Paris as it should be played. Sainton played it twice as quickly as it is always played here, and the work gained considerably in consequence. M. Sainton played, also, two delicious pieces of his own composition, which were warmly applauded—a "solo de concert," and a "valse brillante." Perfect correctness, sentiment, *brío*, nobleness, marvellous bowing, and, in a word, all the various qualities which constitute a concert *virtuoso hors ligne*, are possessed by M. Sainton in the highest degree. We can assure our readers that the success he achieved will be long and universally remembered.

We have reserved Mad. Sainton-Dolby as the "bouquet," not from mere gallantry, we beg our readers to believe, but because we thought so great a name and such marvellous talent ought to have a place by themselves in our appreciation, as they do in the hierarchy of fair concert-singers. As the interpreter of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart—of the sacred and profane music of those admired and venerated masters—Miss Dolby, now Mad. Sainton, has no rival in England. Her name is popular in all parts of the United Kingdom, and the fact of its appearing in the programme of a concert is sufficient to fill, as though by enchantment, the largest rooms, and Heaven knows there are plenty of them. We have heard her at Manchester, at the Sydenham Palace, and at Exeter Hall, sing before assemblies of from fifteen to twenty thousand persons, and never did they fail to salute her, on her appearance, with the most enthusiastic cheers. The English adore Miss Dolby; she is their favourite singer, and as, in her case, the woman is, at least, as *distinguée* as the artist, there is no mark of affection which this people, so jealous of its national glories, does not shower down upon her. We cannot describe with what joy she was welcomed, the other evening, in the rooms of the Hôtel du Louvre, by the English, who constituted a good half, at the least, of the distinguished persons who had flocked to hear her. When she appeared, beaming with grace and beauty, and with that charming smile and gentle look which fascinates and attracts one, the applause burst forth from all parts of the room, and lasted several minutes.

We will not mention all the pieces sung by this great artist. We must content ourselves with stating that her style of interpreting the thoughts of such masters as Haydn and Handel is quite new for us; that it is the true, the good style, and the only one which should be allowed. It is impossible to possess, at the same time, more grace, more grandeur, and more sensibility; it is impossible to identify one's self more intelligently and more truly with the musical idea, no matter how grandiose and profound it may be. A fact, too, which proves the suppleness of her prodigious talent, is that it adapts itself, without difficulty and with exquisite grace, to the forms of modern music, without ever sacrificing aught to the exigencies of a public spoiled by bad example. Madame Sainton sang in English an admirable melody of Haydn's; "L'Ame errante," a sublime air, from Handel's oratorio of *Samson*; a scena admirable for its simplicity, "The Irish Emigrant," by Loders; an English serenade, and a Scotch ballad. In all these pieces, varying in character and style, she displayed the admirable and extraordinary compass of her voice, a mezzo-soprano, peculiar in quality, which goes direct to the heart, besides exhibiting her rhythmical accentuation, her magistral phrasing, and, above all, her deep musical feeling. She was recalled, we cannot say how many times, and applauded with sincere enthusiasm. Among the entire audience there was not a single voice which did not say to her mentally: "Au revoir!"

* With M. Ritter (piano), and M. Rignaut (violinello).

† The "Kreutzer"—piano, M. Ritter.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 13th.

At last the long-expected opera of Prince Joseph Poniatowski has been brought out at the Grand-Opéra, and for some days the opinions "for and against" it will form one of the principal topics of conversation. The first representation was given on Friday last, the Emperor and Empress, and all the *beau monde* of Paris, being present. *Pierre de Medicis* is an opera in four acts; the libretto is written by MM. de St.-Georges and Vanin. From the title of this work, one would be led to think that it had something to do with the history of Tuscany. But it is not so, and the authors have chosen the heroes of their drama in the noble and powerful family of the Medicis, to give room for the gorgeous scenery and decorations with which this opera has been mounted.

Pierre and Julien de Medicis are sons of Laurent de Medicis, called the Magnificent. Pierre de Medicis, tired of the discontent of the Florentines, comes to establish his court at Pisa. His brother, Julien, who is the governor of the town, gives up willingly the command, and wishes for nothing better than to retire from the cares of state, and to marry the beautiful Laura Salvati, the niece of the Grand Inquisitor. But Pierre de Medicis is also in love with her, and, when alone with the Grand Inquisitor, tells him of his passion for his niece, and, of course, ambition easily leads the uncle to second his suit. Julien, however, who hears of this, goes to Laura's palace, and begs her to fly; this she refuses to do, and in a very expressive duet the first act finishes. In the second, Pierre de Medicis, with his court, are witnessing a splendid *fête*, given in honour of Laura. The gorgeousness of this scene, in point of decoration, has rarely been rivalled. The scene represents gardens, with every floral treasure; a fountain, from which veritable *aqua pura* flows over marble statues; and beyond, the gardens, gradually ascending. The scene begins with daylight; and numerous Florentine peasants, in their picturesque costumes, are grouped about. Then, after the court has arrived, the ballet begins. It has for subject the loves of Diana and Endymion, and gives ample scope to Madame Ferraris to display her wonderful talents in choreographic art. Meanwhile the Inquisitor has told Pierre de Medicis of the affection of his brother for Laura, and to get rid of his rival, Pierre creates him admiral, and orders him to leave with the fleet that is to set sail the next day. Julien contrives to speak to Laura, and they agree to meet in a fisherman's hut, and to fly together. Night has now come on, and suddenly the gardens are most brilliantly lighted up, and each of the peasants bearing in their hand an illuminated tulip, while they dance about, the effect is very novel—this ends the second act. In the third we find Laura waiting in the fisherman's hut for the signal that a devoted friend of Julien's is to give her that all is ready, when the door bursts open, and the Inquisitor and Pierre de Medicis enter. The latter offers Laura his hand and crown, which Laura refuses; and when told she will be shut up in a cloister if she persists in this refusal, chooses the latter alternative, and is half dragged away just as the barcarole is being sung under her window that was to serve as signal for her departure. We have next a very lovely moonlight view of the Campo Santo, with a view of Pisa and the Leaning Tower in the distance. Julien de Medicis is praying at the tomb of his mother, when several conspirators enter, tell him of Laura's detention in a cloister, and of the revolution that is going on in the town. Julien determines to head it, and with a grand finale this act ends. The fourth opens near the ramparts of the town; the people are dancing and singing, while further on fighting is going on. Suddenly Pierre de Medicis enters, mortally wounded, and repenting of his cruelty to Laura, wishes to save her from taking the veil. Julien enters, and, supporting his brother, they both go off together. The scene then changes to the most striking part of the opera—the interior of the convent, filled with nuns, monks, and the *frères de la miséricorde*—monks covered in black and only their eyes showing. Laura in splendid wedding gar-

ments is brought in; the Grand Inquisitor once more offers her freedom, on condition of her marrying the Grand Duke; she refuses, and after vainly imploring mercy of her uncle, her wedding wreath is taken off, the black veil is thrown over her, when suddenly the doors burst open, the De Medicis and their soldiers enter, but it is too late. When Julien asks the Inquisitor, "What have you done with her?" he touches the veiled figure: "She belongs now," he says, "to Heaven," and while Laura is dragged towards the steps of the cloisters, and Julien bends, overwhelmed with sorrow, Pierre de Medicis expires. As music, this opera, though it can never bear comparison with the more inspired works of the great masters, is a work Prince Poniatowski will add greatly to his laurels by. Mdlle. Gueymard was admirable in the part of Laura Salvati: dramatic and touching as her acting ever is, she surpassed herself. Obin, in the part of the Grand Inquisitor, shared the honours of the evening with her. M. Gueymard, as Pierre de Medicis, and Bonnehée, as Julien, did their best. The two most striking *morceaux* in the whole opera are the trio in the fisherman's hut, and the duet between Obin and Laura, when she takes the veil.

At the Opéra-Comique, *Galathée* is still being played. At the Italiens, Tamberlik has been singing in *Otello*. The Théâtre-Lyrique, has suspended for a short time *Phlémon et Baucis*, as Madame Miolan-Carvalho has sustained a sad loss—her mother having just died. Very little is going on in the way of novelty at the theatres: at the Vaudevilles old pieces are being performed, but soon M. Octave Feuillet's new work, which is to bear the title, I believe, *La Tentation*, will be given at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu. The *Comptre Guillery* drama, in five acts and nine tableaux, has just been brought out. It were impossible to wade through the tissue of nonsense and improbabilities contained in a melodrama of this class. It turns on the wonderful adventures of a wonderful gentleman brigand, who is at last reclaimed by the affection of some young lady de *grande famille*. Mélinque of course plays well. Various are the concerts going on. Last Wednesday Madame Pleyel gave a concert at which she played the first concerto of Mendelssohn, and a concert piece by Litolff, in her most charming manner. Many are the improvements projected here in the architectural line, and projects about some of the theatres are going on. I hear that the *Maritana* of Wallace is to be performed at the Théâtre-Lyrique next season. The accounts of the termination of the season (the theatrical one) at Naples is deplorable. The management is even worse than under the Duke de Salarino.

CHERUBINI.—Those artists and amateurs who have a passion for works not printed or published of a great master, will learn with pleasure that the compositions of the renowned composer, Cherubini, the greatest contrapuntal writer that ever existed, are now for sale at Paris by his widow, in manuscript, consisting, in his own handwriting, of overtures in score, masses, operas, sacred pieces, cantatas, orchestral pieces, quartets, quintets, solfeggi, &c., &c., consisting of nearly 300 works, composed between the years 1773 and 1841. Here is a field for musical societies, students, and directors of music to produce novelties, and study one whose works, hitherto known and printed, are patterns of excellence in every point of view, and held up as models of perfection to the student. The directors of the Philharmonic Societies, Musical Unions and Sacred Harmonies, &c., should look after the works. They will find overtures, chamber-music, oratorios, and choral pieces never produced before the public, and what better name could they have than the renowned one of Cherubini to grace their programme. There are also the Psalms of Marcello, in four volumes, 1,540 pages; some of the works of Pergolèse, Iomelli, Clari, Durante, Sarti; the canons of Padre Martini, with various other of the old Italian great masters, all arranged, and in the writing of M. Cherubini. So varied and prolific a collection by one author has seldom or ever been offered for sale before. Madame Cherubini is now in her eighty-seventh year. The collection ought to be secured for some institution—the British Museum or Royal Academy of Music—as standard works of art in every branch of music.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.—*Neither of the copies of the Scotsman came to hand.*

S. (North Brixton).—*We shall be glad to hear from our Correspondent at all times.*

BELFAST.—*We shall be glad to hear from our recent Correspondent always, at his leisure.*

NOTICE.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17TH, 1860.

AN advertisement, headed "Jullien Fund," will be read on the front page, and a paragraph, headed "M. Jullien," in the leading columns of our impression of to-day. The object of the framers of both was a very commendable one—viz.: that of raising an amount sufficient to maintain an old and well-deserving servant of the British public in a Lunatic Asylum, to which the most terrible affliction in the list of mortal ills and penalties had consigned him, and to save those nearest and dearest to him from the impending fate of penury, which, in case of M. Jullien's recovery being hopeless, awaited them. Scarcely, however, had the advertisement and paragraph been committed to type, than the sad news came from Paris, that death had solved the doubts and allayed the professional anxiety of those who were in attendance on the suffering musician. M. Jullien passed away, after having spent about a week at the asylum, superintended by M. le Docteur ——— at ———, near Paris.

At present it is superfluous, and indeed would be obtrusive, to enter into details about the causes and progress of that disease which has thus fatally terminated. Nor is this the time or place to attempt a history of M. Jullien's very remarkable career, the most brilliant epoch of which, eminent and prosperous as he had been in other countries, and especially in France, was achieved in England and its immediate dependencies. It is enough—while recording the unwelcome intelligence of his being thus cut off in the prime and vigour of life—to offer some brief reflections on the man now lost to the world, and the influence, social and artistic, which he exercised.

Jullien was essentially and before all a man for the people. He loved to entertain the people; he loved to instruct the people; and the people were just as fond of

being taught as of being amused by Jullien. His peculiarities, even his foibles, were but particles of a whole, portions of an idiosyncrasy, which—combined with such geniality, moral and physical, such hearty earnestness and such intense devotion* to his task, as has seldom distinguished a public character in that particular walk of life in which his energies were exhibited—made Jullien what he was. The performance of his public duties became not so much a task as a delight to Jullien. Pleasure beamed on his countenance as he rapped upon his conductor's desk, with that much admired, never-to-be-forgotten *bdton*; pleasure as he began, pleasure as he advanced, pleasure as he ended his labours, with the innate conviction that his aim had been accomplished and his audience gratified. There was, too, between him and them a kind of magnetic sympathy. Jullien knew, when he appeared, that his apparition was welcome to the crowd, and that only he in the same position could have afforded them the same degree of satisfaction. And this satisfaction on the side of his supporters did not simply arise from the indisputable fact of his having, during a long series of years, done more for their recreation, and at a cheaper rate, worked more zealously for their service in his peculiar way, and with proportionate success, than any other within the memory of the oldest of them. There was something more than all in the background. The mere personality of the man exercised a spell, a fascination, which rendered it a forlorn chance for a rival, no matter what his gifts, no matter what his experience, no matter what his acquirements, to attempt to fill the post, if Jullien was known to be alive, still more if Jullien was known to be at hand. Much of his popularity has been, and not altogether unreasonably, attributed to his physical conformation. To features intelligent and even handsome, a frame robust and firmly knit—with no sign of corpulence, however, but, while beneath the ordinary stature, almost a Hercules in strength of frame and symmetry of proportions—there was added a stamp of originality so marked, that Jullien could by no possibility ever be mistaken for another, even by those who might have obtained a glance at him for once and once only. It sufficed to place any temporary interloper before the same rostrum, at the so-called Promenade Concerts, to prove the immeasurable superiority—unaccountable it may be, but immeasurable—of Jullien. So singular and vivid, indeed, was the physical impression he created, that his figure became a household shape no less than his name a household word, throughout the length and breadth of the country in which for so many years he resided, and to the delight of whose populations he had so long, indefatigably and successfully ministered.

No public man ever so suddenly achieved popularity as Jullien. He had scarcely taken the conductor's stick out of the hands of Mr. Eliason (one of the earliest institutors of the London Promenade Concerts), than he became famous. He figured as often in *Punch* (never, be it remembered, to his detriment) as any of the political notorieties of the day. Such unprecedented vogue, too, he preserved, undiminished, for a period of over twenty years; and it is more than likely, had it been permitted him to resume, next November, his accustomed functions, in one of our great theatres (Drury Lane had been confidently reckoned on) he would have approached the public without one atom of his popularity abated. As the winter months that usher in Christmas were gloomy without him, so were they cheerful and brilliant with his periodical presence, which kindled like a fire, dissipated the fog, and warmed and enlivened all who came under its influence. The public and Jullien were, like old intimate friends, accustomed to look forward to an annual meeting—a meeting which was a festival to both of them, and the failure of which was a grievous disappointment. The last of those pleasant festivals, however, has been held; and henceforth—in our time, at least, when a new Jullien is not likely to arise—Promenade Concerts (should such speculations again be projected) will resemble any other entertainments, good, bad, or indifferent, as the case may be, but with nothing to mark them out, as exceptional and apart from such things in ordinary.

That Jullien did not make an ill use of his amazing influence with his patrons—whom, as we all remember, he could take by the button-hole when it suited his humour, and chide like children, if they were not as orderly during a performance of classical music, as he thought decorous and expedient—it is unnecessary to insist. What he was as a conductor, as a composer, and especially as a refiner of the public taste, is too notorious and too recent to be argued in detail. But it was to a combination of mental with physical attributes quite peculiar to himself, that his unexampled popularity must be traced, and that potent spell which he exercised over the public mind for so lengthly a period of time. Add to this a keen and lively intellect, uncommon enthusiasm, and as warm a heart as ever beat with kindly sympathy for others, and we have summed up the qualities that not merely explain Jullien's triumphs in the sphere to which his public talents called him, but the universal regard and affection in which he was held by those who counted among the number of his friends. He has gone to his last home, and, we believe, with the deep and unanimous regret of all who knew him either in his public or private capacity. Let us,

then, express an earnest hope that the general sympathy excited by the news of his having been confined in a lunatic asylum will not be extinguished by the fact of his now being beyond earthly succour, and that those who have instituted and superintended the progress of the Jullien Fund, will carry out their benevolent object on behalf of the devoted wife and near relatives whom Jullien's death has left without the means of subsistence.

M. JULLIEN.—Though the report of M. Jullien having attempted suicide is without foundation, the fact of his being now in a lunatic asylum, with but slender hopes of ultimate recovery, is undoubted. It is also true that, owing to unsuccessful enterprises which led to his recent appearance before the Bankruptcy Court in Paris, he and those dependent on him are left wholly without resources. Under these circumstances a subscription has been set on foot by the friends of M. Jullien, to which the English public will doubtless be glad to contribute, in testimony of their appreciation of services long and zealously rendered. For upwards of 20 years the concerts of M. Jullien have afforded gratification to thousands upon thousands of persons; and it was not his least claim to notice that, in providing for the amusement of his patrons, he also contrived to improve and elevate their taste, and thus—while establishing an essentially popular entertainment—to aid in the great work of art-progress.—*Times*.

"SUMMER is icumen," as Mr. William Chappell might say, and Summer and Italian Opera in this country come together. No sooner had Mr. E. T. Smith issued his preliminary programme than the snow which had fallen a few days previously, melted, and with Mr. Gye's announcement that the Royal Italian Opera would open on the 10th of April, there was a further change in the weather, the barometer indicated "set fair," and a swallow made his appearance in the Green Park. By the time the rival managers have published their prospectuses the trees, already blooming in gardens with southern aspects, will have put forth their leaves, and simultaneously with the first rehearsals the birds in the neighbourhood of London will begin to sing. Indeed, although we are in the middle of Lent, a few rural concerts have already taken place. We assisted at one, only a few days since, in the vicinity of Turnham-green, and were much struck by the performances of some of the rising vocalists. The youthful soprani have voices full of flexibility, and we noticed a linnet who excelled in the ornamental style. This was a morning concert, and before the general performance commenced, a lark, apparently the tenor of the *troupe*, made his appearance, and went through a very difficult solo with remarkable ease, and executed some passages in *altissimo* which quite surprised us. Neither Giuglini nor Mario, nor Mongini nor Tamberlik could go so high. In engaging tenors the rule appears to be that the higher they go the higher the manager must go in offering them terms; and we could not help reflecting what an enormous salary this lark might command if an operatic aviary or rather an avar opera were to be founded. At one time he attained such a height that we almost fancied he was never coming down again, and we thought how largely a director would have

to come down if anxious to retain the services of such a vocalist. We waited for the cadenza of our tenor, who had a fluttering tremulous voice, reminding us occasionally of Tamberlik, but need only say that it was performed in the well-known style peculiar to the lark.

A party of young linnets, who had wandered from the maternal nest, sang a part-song, and were afterwards recalled.

Besides the linnets and the larks, who had a large field for display, several thrushes were heard to advantage in a neighbouring grove; but they exhibited even more than the usual nervousness incident to a first appearance, and as if suspecting that we were present in a critical capacity, took to flight as we approached, and could not be prevailed upon to re-appear. This final allegro movement was scarcely worthy of them, but the cantabile passages by which it was preceded were given in the best taste.

Blackbirds appear to be the baritones and basses of the air, and we have remarked more than one who, as much as by the fulness of his voice as by the rotundity of his person, recalls poor old Lablache.

The bullfinches can only be classed as second tenors, but some are of no mean flight, and are determined, if possible, to soar in the highest regions of their profession.

These "ancient concerts," as they may be called—for are they not the oldest in the world?—are very interesting, and form tolerable substitutes for the before-Easter performances that used formerly to take place at the Opera. Unfortunately it is very difficult just now to get a seat at any of them, in consequence of the dampness of the grass. Nor, while we have excellent concerts of true music, must it be imagined that we are without "miscellaneous" musical entertainments at Turnham Green, for in one of our ponds there is an unusually fine collection of frogs.

With regard to the kind of music executed by our rural and aerial vocalists, we need only say that it has hitherto been chiefly of an amorous character. *Romeo e Giulietta* has been a good deal performed, and, at night, serenading is occasionally heard.

Philomela, however, our most distinguished *prima donna*, has not yet arrived, and is not expected until the middle of June. Let us hope that she will be accompanied, if not preceded, by Mdle. Titiens.

WHILE Panurge, having taken a short trip by the third-class of the South Western train, was recreating himself by a stroll through the quadrangles of Eton College, he was not a little surprised to see that old humbug, Epistemon, standing by the mysterious door that shuts from profane eyes those birchen implements whereby Etonians are impelled, willy nilly, into the paths of sound learning. Epistemon was absorbed in grave discourse with a subaltern official of the college, who, after sundry coughs and shakes of the head, unlocked the tremendous portal, and drew thereout a wondrously constructed rod, which, in exchange for sixpence, he placed in the pedant's hand.

Epistemon, tucking his valuable purchase under his arm, was quitting the Etonian precincts with a step blither than usual, when to his surprise he was thus accosted by Panurge, whom he had supposed to be in London, safely lodged in the coffee-room of the "Edinburgh Castle," or in the station-house, or in one of the snug apartments in Fetter-lane, or in some other place of metropolitan recreation and repose:

"Quid agis, dulcissime rerum? What art doing, most de-

testable of mankind? Art thou, by the profligate waste of thy miserable sixpence, attempting to demonstrate anew the speediness of the parting that proverbially takes place between the fool and his cash?"

"A truce to thy gibes," said Epistemon, "since it is for thy profit and instruction I have expended my substance on this potent talisman. Truly, I am glad thou hast come down, for I can now try the effects of the charm here, instead of bearing it with me all the way to London."

"With what dost thou charge me, most superficial of smatterers, that thou darest to menace me with thy pedagogic weapons?" asked Panurge, with exceeding wrath.

"Read that!" said Epistemon, and he drew from his pocket the last number of the *Musical World*, and pointed to the report of the delectable discussion held by Pantagruel and Panurge. "Read that, thou 'Parous decorum cultor et infrequens'—the gods whom thou most insultest being Apollo and his Muses."

To these words, which were uttered on the way towards Windsor, Panurge answered not a syllable, but he kept his eye fixed on the *Musical World*, looking exceeding crest-fallen and humiliated, while Epistemon continued his oburgations.

"Faith, here's a pretty smashing of Priscian's head—here is a rich harvest of solecism—here's a joyous infraction of every metrical law—here is a falsity of concord, that would delight the god Mavors. A choice companion thou wert to grin and shake thy sides when the classical writer of the *Entr'acte*, in the plenitude of his righteous indignation, exclaimed 'Qui bono,' instead of 'Cui!' Thou must sneer, forsooth, when the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* said 'Quousque tandem, abutere, Gladstone, patientiam nostram,' as if thine own Latinity smacked so much of the Golden Age. Truly, thy pleasantries might rouse even Cato to merriment."

"O rem ridiculam, Cato, et jocosam,
Dignamque auribus et tuo cachinno!"

By the time they had reached this part of the discourse, they had ascended the broad staircase of the "Castle" Inn, and entered one of the best rooms, where Pantagruel lay asleep on a sofa, snoring most musically. Panurge first unlocked his jaws by ordering the waiter to bring him up a large glass of brandy and water, and set it down to Pantagruel's account. This he emptied at a single draught, and then he proceeded thus:—

"I see thy drift, great Epistemon—thou meanest that 'Cymbæ' and 'Bandusiæ' are both spelled erroneously, with the *Æ* diphthong instead of the *Æ*. Now that, I contend, is the fault of the reporter—doubtless the heavy-looking man who devoured kidnies at the end of the room—seeing that the combinations are both pronounced alike. I will claim a like indulgence for the 'vertet,' which is wrongly put for 'vertit,' for when one is in the tempest and fury of passion, one is not careful as to the vocalisation of short syllables terminating with a consonant."

"I suppose I must concede so far," murmured Epistemon. "But what sayest thou to that delicious concord, 'Sors exiture'?"

"Still the fault of the reporter," said Panurge, with marvellous assurance. "Thou knowest that when I quote Latin verse, I speak it not in the manner of prose, as many others, but I regard the laws of metre, mine ears having been trained by the melodious numbers of Fitzball. I know as well as thou, that the word ought to be 'exitura,' but

thou wilt understand that I cut off the final 'a' altogether, out of regard to the following vowel. Thereby I made use of the Synalepha"—["Synaplopha be —"] muttered Epistemon—"complying with the precept of the great poet, who wrote the Westminster prosody:—

'Vocalem Synalepha solet truncare, sequatur
Si socia, aut h.'—

If the reporter, muddle-pated by the dyspepsia arising from his too liberal consumption of kidneys, supplied my gap with the wrong vowel, the transgression was clearly his, not mine. So, all being satisfactorily explained," added Panurge, hilariously, as he slipped the *Musical World* into his pocket, "let us order another glass of brandy-and-water at the expense of Pantagruel, whom, I rejoice to see, we have not awakened, and then let us discourse of something else."

"Oh, monstrous!" ejaculated Epistemon. "I thought thy ignorance more stupendous than anything in the world, but I find that it is as nothing compared to thy truly colossal craft and assurance. Reproduce that valuable journal from that sink of iniquity, thy pocket: firstly, because it is my property; secondly, because the worst blunder of all has been left unnoticed. I willingly admitted thy plea in the case of the diphthongs, less willingly thy defence of 'vertet,' most unwillingly thy reference to the synalepha; but what say'st thou to 'splendidia vitro,' when there is not a call-boy of the Royal Effingham Saloon who does not know that the word should be 'splendidior'—or—or —? Clap not this revolting blunder on the broad back of that much-suffering reporter, whom thou so readily wouldst make the scape-goat of thy crass ignorance. Truly if he suffered from dyspepsia, it was not the kidney, but thine execrable Latinity which he was unable to digest. If thou hadst quoted scanning-wise, as thou pretendest, thy raven voice would have come down strongly on that final syllable 'or'—aye, with an *aplomb* like that of Lydia Thompson in the Sailor's Hornpipe, so that the ears of the veriest ass could not have taken it for an 'a.'"

"Well," said Panurge, "that I confess was a slip."

"Slip, indeed!" echoed Epistemon. "Rather say a fall into the lowest depths of Tartarus. Thou trained by Fitzball, forsooth! Thank thy stars that great lyrist did not hear thee, for if he had, he would have lashed thee soundly with a severe epigram after this fashion:—

'Defective lines I cannot bear,
For when the heart's oppressed with care,
It longs for something smooth and neat,
Which renders happiness complete.'

Also I should have preferred *Blandusie* to *Bandusie*."

"Now, at last, do I snap my fingers at thee," replied Panurge "with all the contempt thou so richly deservest. There is, I know, such a reading as *Blandusie*, but *Bandusie* is to be found in admirable texts, and why should'st thou so greatly affect the 'Bland' rather than the 'Band?' Has thy heart been more than usually exhilarated by the light comedy of Mr. Harcourt Bland, of the Princess's, or is thy brain strongly impressed with the image of Louis XV., as played by Mr. James Bland, at the Strand, with a portentous beard, that thou art pertinaciously set upon the more unusual reading? Truly thy learning is but superficial, after all, and I will henceforth call thee Joseph Surface"—

These last words seemed to have a magical effect on the sleeping Pantagruel, who with a mildly benignant face, softly murmured forth in his slumbers: "Joseph Surface, grand and dignified form—Charles Surface, solemn monument of the past. Ye veritable Dioscuri. Grave are ye all,

from Sir Peter down to Snake. I am Pericles, and when I took the affairs of Athens into my hands, I swore that I would not again smile, and I thank ye, gentlemen, that, by your performance of the *School for Scandal*, you do not tempt me to break my oath. I will venture to say, that when the *Adelphi* of Terence was produced in honour of the funeral of Paulus Æmilius, it was acted much in this style. But what is this—*Forty Thieves*? Oh, how droll is Talfourd—how truly comic is Byron—how glibly flew the quips from the lips of Buckingham—Robert Brough, whether as author or actor, thou art a prince of burlesquers—ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho! Oh, I am Pericles, and I have broken my vow, and the Eumenides are lashing me about like this—like this—"

And so saying, he jumped off the sofa, snatched up the rod which Epistemon had laid upon the table, and with it chased both him and Panurge round the room, lashing them with such vigour, that, forgetful of minor differences, they howled together in the most perfect unison. Having sufficiently exercised his muscles by this notable feat, Pantagruel sank once more upon the sofa, and was again wrapped in slumber, while, with eyes and mouth opened to their full extent, Epistemon and Panurge gazed upon each other.

SPOHR'S LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(From Alexander Malibran's *Louis Spohr. Sein Leben und Wirken. Frankfurt-am-Main. J. D. Sauerland's Verlag. 1860.*)

II.

Paris, 31st December, 1820.

A VERY agreeable fortnight has elapsed, since my first letter was despatched, and we have heard and seen much that is beautiful since then; but, for the present, I must content myself with writing to you only about what is more immediately connected with my art. I have now made my *début* before artists and *dilettante*, connoisseurs and laymen, as violinist and composer—first at Herr Baudiot's, first violoncello of the Royal chapel; the next day at Kreutzer's; and then at three parties. On the first two occasions, hardly any persons but artists were present: at Kreutzer's especially there were nearly all the distinguished composers and fiddlers of Paris. I gave several of my quartets and quintets, and, on the second day, my *nonetto*. The composers paid me a great many compliments on my compositions, and the fiddlers on my play. Of the latter, Viotti, both the Kreutzers, Baillot, Lafont, Habeneck, Fontaine, Guérin, and many others, whose names are not so well-known in Germany, were present; so you perceive that it was a grand occasion, and that I had to exert myself to the utmost, to do honour to my countrymen. The parts for the wind instruments in my *nonetto* were played by the five artists, of whose masterly execution of Reicha's quintets you must often have read in the accounts from Paris. I had the pleasure of hearing them play two of these quintets, but shall defer writing to you in detail about them, till I am acquainted with more of them. At the unanimous request of the artists present, we were obliged to repeat my *nonetto* the same evening; and if my fellow performers had surprised me the first time by the readiness with which they played this difficult piece of music *a prima vista*, they satisfied me far more when the piece was repeated, by entering into and rendering its spirit. The young pianist, Herz, of whom, also, you must have read in the musical chit-chat of Paris, played twice in the course of the evening—first variations of

his own on a theme from *Die Schweizerfamilie*, and then Moscheles' well known variations on the *Alexander March*. The extraordinary manual skill of this young man is astonishing; but in his case, as well as in that of all the young artists here whom I have as yet heard, technical culture seems to have preceded mental cultivation; he would otherwise have given something more sterling than these break-neck tricky things, in a society where none but professionals were present. It is, however, a striking fact that all here, old and young, endeavour to distinguish themselves only by mechanical dexterity; and people in whom, perhaps, there are the germs of something better, devote all their powers, for whole years, to practising a single piece of music, which, as such, frequently does not possess the slightest value, in order to perform it in public; that, by such a course, the mind must be killed, and that such people can become nothing much better than musical automata, is easily conceivable. The consequence is that you seldom or never hear a serious sterling piece of music, such as a quartet or quintet of our great masters for instance; every one rides his own hobby; there is nothing but *Airs variés*, *Rondos favoris*, *Nocturnes*, and such like trifles, while the singers give you only romances and little duets; and, however incorrect and insipid all these things are, they never miss producing their effect, provided only they are rendered smoothly and sweetly. Poor in such pretty nothings, I come second best off with my serious German music, and in such musical parties I feel, not unfrequently, like a man speaking to people who do not understand his language; for though I often hear the praise which is awarded, by some one or other of the audience to my play, extended to the composition, I cannot be proud of it, since, immediately afterwards, the same eulogiums are bestowed on the most trivial things. I blush at being praised by such connoisseurs. It is exactly the same in the theatres; the great mass, who set the fashion, are completely unable to distinguish the worst from the best; they hear *Le Jugement de Midas*, with the same ecstasy as *Les Deux Journées*, or *Joseph*. One does not require to be here long, to come over to the oft-expressed opinion that the French are an unmusical people. Even the artists here think so, and frequently reply, when I speak of Germany in relation to this point, "Ay, music is loved and understood there, but not here." This explains how, in Paris, good music may be unsuccessful when connected with a bad piece, and wretched music prove a great triumph when united to a good piece. This fact has deprived me of all desire to write for any of the theatres here, as I formerly wished to do; for, apart from the fact that, as a young composer, I should have to begin again, since, with the exception of a few things for the violin, my compositions are little or not at all known here, and, furthermore—apart from the fact that I should have to battle my way through a thousand cabals, which would be doubly formidable, on account of my being a foreigner, before I could get my work produced—I should, after all, though conscious of having written good music, not be certain of the result, which, as I have already said, depends here almost entirely upon the book. This is evident from the criticisms in the papers on new operas, where the writer speaks for pages about the libretto, while the music is merely mentioned casually in a few words. Were it not so lucrative to write for the theatres here, it is long since any good composer would have devoted himself to the task. On account, however, of the large sum an opera, if successful, brings in a man for his lifetime, new works are produced nearly every day; poet and composer are thinking incessantly

of new effects; but, meanwhile, they do not neglect to work the public, by means of the papers, for months, to provide, on the evening of representation, a due number of *claqueurs* in the pit, in order, by all this preparation, to secure for their work a brilliant reception, and, by frequent performances of it, to obtain, in the end, rich profits. Were only half as much to be gained by an opera in Germany, we should soon be as rich in distinguished composers for the stage as we now are in instrumental composers, and it would no longer be necessary to transplant to our stage foreign productions, frequently so unworthy the artistic education of Germans.

That, after a stay of three weeks, we have visited each of the theatres repeatedly, is a matter of course. I am doubly glad of this, since, on account of the increase of my acquaintances, my engagements for the days and evenings have so accumulated, that we should be able to dedicate very few evenings in the course of the next fortnight to the theatre. I do not write anything about the Théâtre-Français, the Odéon, and the four small theatres, because they offer nothing remarkable in a musical sense. In the first two, you hear only *Entr'actes*, and in the two others scarcely any thing but vaudevilles. That pieces of this kind (which, thanks to Apollo and the Muses, have as yet been transplanted to no other country) are here so exceedingly popular, that four theatres play them almost exclusively, proves most convincingly that the French are unmusical; for the sacred art cannot be abused more shamefully than in these songs, which are neither sung nor spoken, but blurted out in intervals, diametrically opposed to the melody marked down, and to the accompanying harmony. All Frenchmen of taste, though, agree in saying that these vaudevilles, formerly given at one theatre only, smother, by their extension, the feeling for true music more and more, and thus exert a highly injurious effect on artistic progress. We have visited each of these theatres once, in order to see the celebrated comic actors, Brunet, Pothier, and Perlet, but we shall not, I think, make up our minds to pay a second visit, since the enjoyment these artists cause, by their wit and inexhaustible humour, is too dearly purchased by hearing such bad music. A thing which I found very remarkable in these theatres was the skill with which the bands manage to follow the singer, who does not pay the slightest attention to the tune, or the value of the notes. But this is their greatest merit; in other respects, they are but middling. We have, however, been to the Italian Theatre several times, and had many an artistic treat there. Yesterday we at last heard *Don Juan*, after it had been allowed to lay by for rather a long time. The house was crammed, as at the previous performances, hundreds being unable to find places, even half an hour before the opera began. I was inclined to think the Parisians had, at length, comprehended the classic excellence of the work, and thronged, in continually increasing crowds, to enjoy it; but I soon relinquished this opinion, on perceiving that the most magnificent pieces in the opera, the first duet, the quartet, the grand septet, and many others, passed over without producing any effect on the audience, while only two pieces were greeted with tumultuous applause, which, however, was intended more for the singers than for the composer. These two pieces, which were asked for *da capo* on each occasion, were the duet between Don Juan and Zerline: "Reich mir die Hand, mein Leben," and the aria of Don Juan, "Treibt der Champagner," the first—because Herr Garcia wants depth—transposed to B flat, and the latter

actually a tone higher, to C. Mad. Mainville-Fodor, who, no doubt was well aware that Zerline's pieces would please the Parisians more than anything else in the opera, very wisely chose this part, and the result shows that she calculated correctly. What does it matter to her that the opera is cast most faultily, if she is only greeted with tumultuous applause? This, however, the connoisseur can only allow her to merit by forgetting that she plays the part of a peasant girl, and by entirely renouncing all truth of portrayal, for she decks out the simple strains of her part with a number of high-trotting ornaments, which, however magnificently she executes them, are here doubly exceptionable, firstly, because they are altogether out of place in Mozart's music, and secondly, because they do not agree with the character of her part. If we leave these out of consideration, it certainly is an unusual treat to hear this part, which, in Germany, is generally given to the third lady, sung here by the first, and one, moreover, so distinguished. Herr Garcia, as Don Juan, gave us too much of a good thing. Whenever he can, by any means, manage it, he is ready with some ornament an ell long. Such ornamentation is most out of place in the serenade, where the figured mandolin accompaniment forbids even the simplest. In spite of this, however, he runs about in the wildest fashion, and, in order to do so, has the *tempo* taken very slowly. To make up for this, however, he sings his air, "Treibt der Champagner" incomparably, and I confess I never heard it so well given. The fluent Italian language is, however, of great service to him, and instead of his breath failing him, as it generally does our German singers, his strength goes on increasing to the very end.

The other parts were, on the whole, well cast; at any rate, none were badly so; and it must be thankfully allowed that every one exerts himself to the utmost to do honour to the work. We may, too, be very well satisfied with the performance, if we only forget what we have a right to expect from such a distinguished body of artists. Thus much, however, soon becomes evident to a German, namely, that these singers, who give modern Italian music, especially Rossini's, with the greatest perfection, cannot execute Mozart's with the same degree of excellence—it is of too different a sort. The effeminate, sweet style, quite in keeping with the former, weakens too much the energetic character, which is more peculiar to *Don Juan* than to any other of Mozart's operas.

The orchestra, which the Parisians always call the first in the world, displayed, at any rate, some few weak points this evening. In the first place, the wind instruments were twice most strikingly deficient, and, secondly, the whole body was so unsteady, several times, that the conductor was obliged to have recourse to beating time. I am now still more strengthened in my conviction that a theatrical orchestra, however excellent, should not, on account of the great distance between the two ends, be conducted otherwise than by beating time, and that it is not advisable for the conductor himself to play, not even when, as Herr Grasset did, he continually marks the time by the movements of his body and by his violin. The orchestra is, however, justly celebrated for the discretion with which it accompanies the singers, and might, in this respect, serve as a model for all the other Parisian orchestras, as well as for many German ones.

The chorus, also, is admirable, and produced an especially strong and magnificent effect in the concluding allegro of

the first finale. But why was this allegro, here too, as in most other places, taken with such immoderate quickness? Do conductors never reflect that they only impair instead of increasing its strength, and that the triplet-figures of the violins, which are intended to give life and movement to the broad masses, can no longer, with such frantically rapid time, be brought out distinctly and vigorously, so that all the public at last hears consists merely of skeleton-like outlines, without anything to fill them up, instead of the living whole?

When any one hears the effect of so magnificent a piece of music lessened by a false *tempo*, he must again feel an earnest wish that, at length, the marking of the *tempi* should be universally determined in Malzel's or Weber's manner (or, still better, in both). It is true that the conductors would then be obliged to conform conscientiously to this plan, and not, as they do at present, unreservedly follow their own feeling.

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(Continued from page 112, Vol. 38.)

74.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, July 21st, 1770.

We congratulate you on your *fête* day, wishing you good health, and before all the grace of God. It is the one thing necessary, all the others are added blessings. We have been to hear a mass performed at Civita-Castellana, after which Wolfgang played on the organ. On the 16th we went to Loretto, I bought several relics there; amongst others a splinter of the true Cross. We saw the fair at Sinigaglia; yesterday we came here. We left Rome on the 10th; the Count Pallavicini has offered us here all that we wanted. I accepted the offer of his carriage. If Wolfgang continues to grow as he does, he will be very tall.

P.S. of Wolfgang.—I congratulate my dear mother on her *fête-day*, and hope she may live a hundred years. It is what I pray God for every day, and what I shall continue to ask for her and for my sister in my prayers. I can only offer my mother the bells, the wax candles, the caps and the ribbons, that we bought at Loretto, and which we will bring her. Meanwhile I remain her faithful child.

Io vi auguro d'iddio vi dia sempre salute e vi lasci vivere cent anni, e vi fanno morire quanch'avrete mille anni. Spero che ovi imparerete meglio conoscermi in avvenire e che poi ne giudicherete come ch'egli vi piace. Il tempo non mi permetto di scriver molte la penna non vale un corno, ne pure quello che la dirige. Il titolo dell'opera che ho da componere a Milano non si sa ancora.

I have just received as a present from our hostess at Rome, the "Thousand and One Nights" in Italian; they are very amusing tales to read.

75.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, July 28th, 1770.

My leg has not got quite well yet; this accident will cost us 12 ducats. It is not very gay work being ill while at an inn; if I had made 1000 ducats at Naples I could easily console myself for the expense of my illness. However we have always something in hand, and with that, thank God, we live happily.

Yesterday we received the libretto, and the names of those who compose the Opera company. The title of the opera is, *Mitridate re di Ponto*, and it is written by a poet of Turin, Vittorio Amedeo Cigna Santi by name. The opera was performed in 1767. The dramatis personæ are:—

Mitridate, King of Pontus, Signor Guilielmo d'Ettore, tenor.

Aspasia, betrothed to Mithridate, Signora Antonia Bernasconi, prima donna.

Tigane, Son of the King, in love with Aspasia, Signor Santorini, first soprano, (who played in the last Carnival at Turin.)

Farnace, eldest Son of Mithridate, in love with Aspasia, Signor Cicognani.

Imene, Daughter of the King of Parti, in love with Farnace, second prima donna, the Signora Varese.

Arbate, Governor of Mijea soprano.

Magio, Roman Tribune, tenor.

We heard Santonini sing at Rome, we already know Le Bernasconi, and Cicognani is also our friend.

The two portraits have pleased us very much, but one must not look too closely at them, for a pastel is not a miniature. They are rather too highly coloured, but they lose this looking at them from a distance; and we are satisfied and that is enough.

P.S. di Wolfgang.—Cara Sorella mio, Io vi devo confessare che ho un grandissimo piacere che vi avete mandat i minuetti i quali mi piaccio in molto.

76.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, August 4th, 1770.

I shall be surprised if my illness costs me less than 20 ducats, if it is even as little. With the help of God, if one keeps one's health let the devil take the money! Mislinetschek* who has just paid us a visit, has the first opera for the Carnival of 1772, to do at Milan.

P.S. of Wolfgang.—I am truly sorry for poor Martha, who still continues ill, and I pray every day for her return to health; tell her from me not to agitate herself, and to eat a great many salt things. *Propos!* Have you given my letter to Robini? You have said nothing about it; when you see him tell him he has quite forgotten me. I cannot write better than this, as my pen is made for making notes, not for letters. I have got fresh strings to my violin, and I play every day. I only tell you this because my mother wished to know if I still played on the violin. I have had the honour of going alone at least six times to different churches, and assisting in some magnificent ceremonies. Meanwhile I have already composed four Italian symphonies, besides five or six songs, and a motet.

Does your *M. Balordo* come often? and does he still honour you with his interesting *discourses*? and Monsieur Charles Noble, of Vogt, does he still condescend to listen to your insupportable voices? Tell Mr. Schidenhofen to help him often to compose minuets, or else he shall have no more *bons-bons*. My duty would be, if I had time, to inflict on M^r. de Mœlle and Schidenhofen a *letter*, but I have not a minute to spare. I pray them then to excuse me, and reserve myself the honour for another time. My sole amusement consists in the *somersaults* I permit myself from time to time. Italy is a country for making one sleep, and one always feels sleepy in it.

* Composer born near Prague, in 1737, and that the Italians called *Il Boemo*. He died in Rome in 1781, after having struggled against poverty a long time. He only received from his operas 50 to 60 sequins, that is about 16 pounds.

(To be Continued.)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JULIEN FUND.—A severe illness, ending in mental aberration, has rendered it necessary to place M. Julien in a lunatic asylum, as the only chance of his ultimate recovery. For some years—through causes not unknown to the public—M. Julien's affairs have been in a hopeless state, and very recently he was compelled to appear before the Bankruptcy Court in Paris. Having obtained his certificate, M. Julien was about to institute, with the concurrence and aid of several influential persons, a sort of musical performance on the Continent previous to his return to this country. The first concert was to take place on the 16th inst., all the preparations having been made, but the excitement attendant on his arduous duties in superintending them, combined with a keen sense of his recent misfortunes, brought on a state of anxiety which led to M. Julien's present unhappy condition. Under these circumstances M. Julien and those dependent on him are left destitute. With a view of raising such a sum as may provide for his maintenance in the asylum, and secure a modest provision for his family, an APPEAL is made to the generosity of the British public, whose amusements M. Julien has diligently and faithfully administered for so many years. The sum of £1000 is the amount of the subscription to the Old Bond-street; Thomas Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; W. B. Rams, 1, St. James's-street. Bankers—Messrs. Coutts, Strand; Heywood, Kennards, and Co., Lombard-street; London and County Bank, Hanover-square; who as well as the Honorary Treasurers, have kindly consented to receive sub-scriptions.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The Public is respectfully informed that this establishment will open for the season, on Tuesday, April 10th.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.—

The Lessee's id Director, having completed arrangements which enable him to make the announcement under peculiarly favourable circumstances, has the gratification to acquaint the nobility, gentry, and public, that Her Majesty's Theatre will Open for the Season on the 10th of April next. Her Majesty's Theatre has been for more than a century recognized as the first Lyric Theatre in Europe. With this magnificent establishment are intimately associated all the splendours and glories of Italian Opera. The history of Her Majesty's Theatre is identified with the progress of music in this country, and its name is made venerable by the recollection of the purity, its spacious and noble architecture, its peculiarity of construction—which renders the finest theatrical effects, for sound—in its perfect adaptation for the purposes of music, and, more than all, its locality in the most fashionable and easily-accessible part of the metropolis, point to it as the temple of high-art entertainment best adapted to the taste and accommodation of the Court and the aristocracy. In short, no other Opera-houses in existence can boast of equal advantages, in convenience of site, fitness and commodiousness of construction, and elegance of appearance. During his previous seasons at Drury Lane Theatre, the Director received from the nobility and gentry a gratifying recognition of his endeavours to place the Theatre, under the most advantageous management, the best and superior place in the available talent. Nor did the fidelity with which he adhered to the programmes, and, still more, the liberality shown in exceeding the promises contained therein, pass unnoticed. The experience of last year, however, has led him to appreciate the serious objections to the establishment of an Italian Opera in any situation separated from the West-end, and not accessible by easy approaches. To ensure success to his new management, a removal from Drury-lane to the Haymarket was imperatively necessitated. The untoward circumstances which have precluded the Theatre from duly performing its engagements, have not, however, been enough to say that steps have been taken to place the Italian Opera on a permanent footing in its appropriate home, and with such complete arrangements in every department, as to lead to a confident hope that "Her Majesty's" will be restored to its ancient splendor and prestige. The lessee is deeply impressed with the responsibilities of his new undertaking. He feels that he has made himself answerable to all his patrons for the production of every work at Her Majesty's Theatre in a style of completeness and excellence worthy of their support. As an assurance that this desire will not be wanting, he has at the time, the satisfaction only to the list of artists in the programme for the coming season, which will be immediately published. The Director has the greatest satisfaction of announcing that he has been able to retain the invaluable services of Mademoiselle Titiens, now universally acknowledged to be the greatest living dramatic vocalist, and to secure those of Madame Alboni, the unrivalled queen of song; also Madame Borghi Mamo, of the Grand-Opera and the Theatre Imperial Italian, Paris, who will make her first appearance in this country. In making engagements for the season, the greatest care has been taken to secure the most perfect satisfaction to the list of artists, which has been confided to Signor Ardit and M. Benedict. To Her Majesty's Theatre being the most brilliant reminiscences of the ballet, that department will be complete in every respect, comprising artists of reputation. Among the engagements already concluded, may be mentioned Madlle. Pocchini, Madlle. Ferrara, and Madlle. Cocchi (of the Imperial Opera, Vienna), who will make her first appearance. Considerable alterations and improvements will be made in Her Majesty's Theatre, to render the interior more commodious and elegant, a perfect system of ventilation will be adopted, and every care be taken to insure the accommodation of the audience. With a repertoire so extensive and attractive as that of Her Majesty's Theatre, an assemblage of talent so remarkable, and with so magnificent a theatre, in every way peculiarly adapted to the various performances, the Director confidently looks to the nobility and the public for support. To fulfil the conditions entailed in carrying on so vast an establishment, requires more than common energies and common resources; and it is only by the assistance of the nobility and the public, among the nobles and the public, that any good result can follow. While no labour, effort, or expense will be spared to render the performance of the highest excellence, the Lessee expects to receive that powerful aid, without which art, in its delicate and expressive form, cannot prosper. The conservation of Italian Opera in its proper temple rests more particularly with the exclusive classes; and the Director trusts that he shall obtain, as he shall earnestly endeavour to merit, their liberal patronage and assistance. Such assistance has been afforded to him on another occasion. May he not, without presumption, anticipate the same on the present lesser and more common occasion? The Director has ventured to appeal to the various noble, humane and necessary to assert his full comprehension of the various arduous duties and responsibilities which must devolve on the Manager of Her Majesty's Theatre. The Box-office of the Theatre is open daily for subscribers under the management of Mr. Nugent.

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Duet, "Tell me, Gentle Stranger" ..	Parry.
Mr. and Miss Ransford ..	Montgomery.
Song, "Dear, Delightful Dancing" ..	Miss Louise Keeley.
Composed expressly for her.	
Song, "The Red-Cross Banner" ..	Nelson.
Mr. George Tedder ..	Wallace.
Song, "Gentle Troubadour" ..	Miss Emily Jenns.
Romantic Ballad, "The Two Castles" ..	S. Lover.
Mme. Catherine Hayes.	
Written and composed for her.	
Solo, Violin, "Saltarella" ..	Molique.
Herr Molique, accompanied by Mr. Lindsay Sloper.	
Duet, "The Swiss Maidens" ..	Holmes.
The Misses Brougham ..	Balfe.
Song, "Margaretta" ..	Mr. Sims Reeves.
Glee, "Maying" ..	Muller.
Quartet Glee Union ..	E. Loder.
Song, "Where Trembling Lotus Flowers Lie" ..	Miss Louise Keeley.
Song, "Tom Tough" ..	Mr. Ransford.
Song, "The Last Rose of Summer" ..	Mr. Moore.
Madame Catherine Hayes.	
Cavatina, "Away to the Fairies' Well" ..	E. Land.
Miss Ransford.	
Grand Duet for Two Pianofortes, "Les Huguenots" ..	G. Osborne.
Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper.	

Mr. ALBERT SMITH has kindly consented to appear in the course of the evening.

PART II.

Glee, "The Soldier's Love" ..	Kucken.
Quartet Glee Union ..	Vianesi.
Song, "The Young Volunteer" ..	Miss Stabbach.
Composed expressly for her.	
Song, "Under the Greenwood Tree" ..	Hatton.
Mr. Sims Reeves.	
Solo, Violoncello, Fantasia ..	Piatti.
Signor Piatti ..	
Ballad, "Home, Sweet Home" ..	H. Bishop.
Miss Laura Baxter ..	Verdi.
Song, "Ah, si, ben mio" ..	Mr. George Perren.
New Ballad, "Clarine" ..	Miss Lascelles.
Song, "The Thorn" ..	Mr. George Tedder.
Song, "Shadow Song" ..	Malie. Parpa.
Duet, "Si la stanchezza" ..	Verdi.
Mr. George Perren and Miss Laura Baxter.	
Song, "La Vivandiera" ..	Miss Stabbach.
Composed expressly for her.	

Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED will generously lend their assistance in a short selection from their POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT.
Conductors—Messrs. BENEDICT, LINDSAY SLOPER, and WILHELM GANZ.

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Published by JOHN BOOSEY, of Castlebar-hill, in the parish of Ealing, in the County of Middlesex, at the office of BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles-street.

Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, March 17, 1860.